

Maybe someday we belong together

by unhappyfan

Category: Arrow

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-11 03:54:07

Updated: 2016-04-16 06:30:16

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:06:20

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 4,753

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: 4 months into the future. Darhk has been defeated. the team broken up leaving only Oliver to his crusade. craving companionship oliver does the unthinkable and brings back an old friend but at what consequences.

1. Decisions were made

Read my name and that will tell you enough. This is my version of arrow 4 months into the future. Darhk has been defeated. Anything that happens after 4x18 does not apply to this because I can not read the future. Just an upset fan after the canary got killed off. I also have nothing against olicity and had shipped for a time being so kindly don't read if you are one for this will be end game OliverxLaurel. If I get any info that has happened in canon wrong let me know so I can fix it , thank you and your feedback is appreciated as I want to also improve my writing.

Chapter One: Decisions were made

**Oliver's POV **

Once I was a man with a mission, a personal crusade. To save my city. This all began years ago and though I didn't plan on it, I gained a team through all the threats that dared to destroy our home. We've all have had to make tough decisions. Some right and some wrong. Though we have faltered at times, we always came back stronger. Always determined to make a difference no matter the toll.

These days that seems a lifetime ago. And just as I started this crusade, I have found myself alone once more. I find myself slipping back to the man who left the island years ago. My day life consists of me watching my city from town hall. And at night patrolling it's streets. For awhile I welcomed the distraction. Throwing myself into work and the hood. Not giving my mind time to wander away from my control. Only sleeping when needed, that is if passing out from pure exhaustion counts as sleep. Though I survived in hell for 5 years,

some of which, alone against my enemies. I have come to realize that I am no longer that man. I became something better with the help of family and friends. I know I can survive without allies but in doing so I must also sacrifice my humanity. I can slowly feel my control slipping day by day. So with much consideration I have come to make a decision against my better judgement.

After everything, I vowed never to bring anyone else into this life again. So instead, I have decided to raise the person who never really gave me the chance to turn her away. The same person who knew me before all this. Someone I had unknowingly went to for advise from time to time. Someone who died of another's deeds. Who deserved so much better than what was given to her by life.

This and this alone is how I found myself on a small plane with a recently dug up corpse. Flying towards a place I thought I'd never return to. And even though it has only been abandoned less than a year ago, the mountain gave an ominous feel to my gut. No longer filled with Assassin's. I landed the plane right in front of the archway. With dawn just starting to break through I cut the planes engine and moved to the back. I grabbed the duffle I had brought with me and slung it over my back, wincing from the bruise that I had obtained from my most recent fight. Carefully, I hoisted the cloth covered body up into my arms bridal style and jump out of the plane. Making my trek towards the mountains entrance.

Some may consider me paranoid after my time on the island. But if the years back have proven anything, it's that a dose of paranoia can very well be the thing that keeps you alive. With this in mind, I delicately placed my soon to be companion near the entrance. I then took the quiver full of arrows out of my duffle and collapsible bow, a gift from Cisco he had crafted after our last mission together.

I quickly zipped up the duffle with its only remaining contents being stuff for the ritual, clothes, and a newly modified suit of the owner next to the door.

With one last look at the entry, I began my search through all the rooms and floors making sure the mountain was well and truly deserted.

It wasn't until I reached the deepest parts of the cave that I encountered any signs of life. Scouting the training room I counted 7 men in assassin's gear. The room was quite spacious, I remember training in there the last time I stayed here. Two of the men hung back from the group watching the rest spar in the middle intently. The other 5 moved around one another, swords clanging every each way as they continued.

Taking an explosive arrow from my quiver I shot at the ground in the middle of the group , knocking the men to the ground. Quickly I grabbed for another arrow and aimed in front of the two men on the side. Flares going off I was able to take advantage of their momentary blindness and knock them out. Three men from the group recovered and all pounce on me instantly. I manages to stop two of them while the third sliced his blade through my back shoulder. Crying out I swung my bow, barely stopping his blade from striking my face. Moving quickly I spun my body, high kicking him in the neck, knocking him unconscious. Tying them up I resumed my search until I reached my destination.

Lighting the torches by the entrance of the room I took in as much as the light would show. The pit looked disfigured and as I moved closer and lit the rest of the torches I saw the it in ruins.

Stopping for only a second, I proceeded forward, removing the boulder like ruins, searching for the water. My shoulder burned as I continued on, finally stopping when I was able to reach some water with my hand. Anxiously I cupped it and as well as I could splashed it on my shoulder. My cut now gone I took note of the fact that it still burned.

It seemed the waters have lost some power it once held. A small part of me knew this could end badly but I have come this far. I continued to remove as much debris as I could.

By time I was done, I went to fetch my duffel and her at the entrance. Taking note of the fact that the sun was setting outside. Once I returned to the room I checked her pockets making sure she was free of any trinkets that may have been there preparing her for her revival.

Taking the cloth that was wrapped around her, I fastened the ends to a rope on the high beams making it easier to lower her by myself. Setting my duffle aside. I began to raise the body and align it with the opened part of the pit. When I began to gently lower her into the water an arrow sliced threw the rope. The body dropping instantly in the water with a huge splash.

"Laurel!" I cried out.

2. Mountain Cry

Well this chapter will be a little shorter. I will be working on getting chapter three up in less time then this one. Been doing some research on the comics. I hope you like the man who's the villain I have chosen in the coming chapters.

Chapter 2: Mountain Cry

3rd person pov

Looking over, the men from earlier enter the room. All charging towards Oliver. Going for his bow in the duffle, the first assailant swings his sword, quickly Oliver moves out of the way. He then punches the man in the face causing him to stumble backwards. Seeing another coming for him, he grabs for the duffle again. He starts to spar with the man realizing he managed to grab the canary cry device Laurel uses. Oliver manages to put some distance between them again, thinking quickly he switches the device on and yells out. The assassins covered their ears in pain. Happy with the results, he pounces on the closest guy and attacks. Unfortunately he didn't notice another coming for him until the last second. Bringing his hand with the device up, he blocks his attackers blow causing the device to knock out of his hand and into the bubbling water.

Oliver continues to fight the men as they all circle him attacking every which way. Almost effortlessly he defects their advances as they swing. Changing their attack strategy, one of them kicks Oliver

to the ground. Dodging their blows, he punches the man to his right in the knee causing him to drop his sword. Grabbing for his knee he falls to the ground in pain. Taking the opportunity Oliver grabs the now discarded sword and deflects the other 4 men. Scooting away he jumps to his feet swiping to his left. Causing the guy to jump back he then takes the butt of his sword and hits the man to his right in the face breaking his nose. He then blocks the man in front of him and kicks him in the stomach. The man staggers backwards, quickly Oliver uppercuts him with his left hand. The man falls backwards unconscious with a loud thud.

Looking around for the 4th man, Oliver deflects an arrow with his sword. The man standing a small distance from him. Running for him the man continuously fires arrows at Oliver. Dodging all of them Oliver makes quick work of disarming him and rendering him unconscious. Grabbing the bow he grabs a few arrows from the man's quiver and fires at the recovering men. He manages to hit the knee of the injured one in the shoulder. The other two men attack once more. One manages to hit the bow from Oliver's hand only to take a punch to the face crumbling to the ground. Oliver and the last man standing circle each other. The man becoming more angry, most likely from the broken nose. He lunges forward to attack, anticipating this Oliver easily moves out of the way. Grabbing the man he puts him in a sleeper hold. The man thrashes violently as Oliver continues to hold him. Finally the man falls limp.

With his back to the fountain he senses movement from behind. Spinning around he dodges a blade as it nearly misses his face. Oliver stops momentarily, seeing a very alive and normal (non-corpse-like) Laurel. Taking advantage of his hesitation she knocks him to the ground and almost hits him. Rolling away Oliver is quickly reminded of the other, more deadly, souls that harbor in Laurels body.

Fighting against Laurel, he barely matches to par. Taking a hit to his face, Oliver grimaces with a small trickle of blood running down from his now busted lip. They continue to quarrel, blades clashing left and right. Laurel strikes her blade down on Oliver, stopping it just in time with his own. Confused with the fact that he doesn't have the strength to move the joined blades up. He looks into Laurels eyes, seeing only a dead stare back. Suddenly she head butts him in the face, breaking his nose. Stumbling backwards he trips on something falling against the stairs of the fountain. He sees his duffle, grabbing his bow and a tranquil dart he aims for Laurel. Out of nowhere she screams at him. Biting down on his jaw he grunts as he feels the pain in his ears. She then charges after him with her sword in hand. Stabbing her with the arrow she falls unconscious. Looking to her neck Oliver takes note to the fact that she isn't wearing her cry device.

Somehow my favorite word of the day became unconscious. That is really repetitive. Next chapters I'll try to cut that word out of my vocab.

3. Paging Dr Constantine, we need a what?

3rd PoV

Chapter 3: Paging Dr. Constantine, we need a what?

Laying his back against the steps Oliver caught his breath, Laurel slump against him. Adrenaline wearing off, he started to feel his injuries. Carefully moving Laurel off him he sat up and felt his nose. Readjusting it he then climbed the rest of the stairs to heal it. He soon heard coughing coming from the assassins slumped on the ground.

With a small sigh Oliver stood up and went over to check on them. Seeing one awake he approached with caution. Coughing the man spit blood unto the floor. Resting back on his elbows he looked up at Oliver and made a grimace like smile.

"Enjoy it while it last, fool. Nyssa has been informed of your treachery." The assassin began coughing again.

"Tell her she knows where to find me." Oliver then went back towards the fountain.

Packing his things he had a strong urge to bottle some of the healing water. Shaking the feeling off he finished packing his duffle and went to pick up Laurel. Again getting a feeling in the pit of his stomach, rationalizing he decided to at least get one bottle. He did take some herbs home from hell right? Wouldn't hurt for a rainy day. Grabbing the thermos he had at the bottom of the duffle he emptied the cold coffee he had brought for his plane ride. Finishing up he hurried on his way knowing fully well that his wife would be here soon enough if the assassin truly did contact her. And honestly he was just too damn tired to deal with her at the moment.

* * *

><p>15 hours, that's how long it took for Oliver to see the familiar star city skyline. He made it with hardly any difficulties but being up roughly 47 hrs isn't healthy even for him. It feels he has been gone for ever but in reality the time changes really messed with him. As the sun was just coming up on star city.</p>

Oliver thanked whatever deity allowed for Laurel to stay under the whole trip home. Already feeling somewhat guilty for tying her up and placing a cloth over her mouth. He had a lot to think over on the way home and his addled mind wasn't making it easy. Unclear if his headache was from being sleep deprived or the punches he took to the face or the damn cry Laurel screamed. Just a little further he finally saw the private landing strip.

Being mayor had its perks, one if them being the money he got from the job. Actually having a job and a steady income he was able to pay off the owner. Giving his word that not a breath of this would leak out anywhere and the cameras of the joint would be shut off. It also helped that he had a good alibi in place and as soon as they left the building and were safely in the lair, the surveillance of the port suddenly became deleted out of nowhere.

Oliver really tired to finish what he started he really did. But when he tried to read the ritual off of the paper he just couldn't focus. Just before he pasted out he managed to place Laurel in the cell Andrew Diggle had occupied months ago. He took a few steps from the bars only to crumble to the floor.

* * *

><p>The shrill of a cell phone is what woke Oliver hours later. Rolling stiffly to his side he woke feeling like shit. Pulling out his phone he looked to see his assistant calling him.</p>

"ugh *cleared throat* hello?" Oliver answered the phone.

"Mr. Queen? You're going to be late for your appointment with the board." She informed him.

"Yeah, listen I've seen to come down with something and I'm not going to make it in today. Have Chuck lead the meeting and give him the files on my desk. If anything else happens call me." Oliver then hung up the phone.

Rolling back on his back he took a long breath and let it out slowly. He needed a good long hot shower. His muscle screamed with the aftermath of his little voyage. He looked at the bars that held Laurel. Seeing her awake and staring at him venomously. One shower then he will get her back from the damned.

Groaning he slowly rose and made his way to the shower Thea insisted they put in here.

* * *

><p>Grumbling Oliver began getting the objects he needed for the ritual ready. Nothing could be easy with Laurel. She caught the arrow with tranquil fairly easy. He was just happy he remembered to put earplugs in before he confronted her. She managed to punch him in the jaw though.</p>

Standing over her comatose body he uttered the words of the ritual. Quickly he found himself in a prison that looked much like Iron Heights. He knew this place, this is where Laurel died.

Suddenly 3 people came charging in. Blades flying. Why always swords? Taking longer than he cared to admit he managed to subdue all of them. Sporting a good cut on his arm and some future gnarly bruises. He went to search for the fountain in Laurels mind. Running down one corridor he rounded the corner to find himself back in the main area again. Trying a different path he found the same thing happened once more. Becoming frustrated Oliver continuously ran trying to find an exit, not noticing the halls becoming darker as the second grew on. He suddenly felt a lurch in his stomach falling backwards he found himself on the floor of the lair.

Scrambling to his feet he went to check on Laurel seeing her gasp uncontrollably, as if she couldn't breath. Oliver froze seeing the same picture as the day she died, she was grabbing her side blood pouring from her mouth.

Coming to his senses he quickly grabbed for his phone. Dialing a number he hoped he wouldn't have to in his attempt.

The phone rang only once.

"Mate this better be important. You just gave my position away." Came the charming voice of the hell blazer himself.

"John it didn't work, I did the same thing as Sarah and it- she's dying John! What do I do?" Oliver was teetering between sanity and chaos in his mind.

"Oh please tell me you didn't. . . . you did didn't you. You bloody git, have I taught you nothing about magic." John replied becoming angrier by the minute.

"John please I need help." Oliver pleaded.

"*deep sigh* alright take a deep breath. Are you by the fountain now?"

"No I'm at the lair" Oliver answered quickly. Laurel continued to shake losing time as they spoke.

"bollocks," John said more to himself the Oliver. "Did you at least happen to collect any of the water from the fountain before you left?"

"Yes, yes I have some here" Oliver jumped to grab the bottle turning the phone on speaker.

"Good, that's good. Now get some of that herb you have from Lian yu. Do you have it?"

Oliver raced towards the training area seeing his old trunk in the corner, grabbing it he sped back to Laurel and his phone.

"I have it." Looking at Laurel he took note to her barely breathing at this point. Swallowing his fear he focused once more on Johns voice.

"put the Herb directly on her wound, cover it up and get the water ready. Now as soon as I start chanting start poring the water on her wound." John then began speaking in a language Oliver didn't know. Pouring the water it began to glow, the herb and blood mixing, soon it started washing it off her body showing a blemish free skin. John finished his chant as Laurel began to breathe regularly.

"Now that's only a temporary fix, I'll stop by when I can. And Oliver you can expect a well deserved punch in your future. Watch her vitals, you insufferable-" Oliver hung up the phone not wanting to hear the end of that sentence.

* * *

><p>Oliver had just checked Laurels condition a third time since he had talked to John 4 hours ago. His phone started to ring , looking at it he didn't recognize the number. Letting it ring a little longer he made the decision to answer it.</p>

"Hello?" he answered gruffly

"Well husband you seem even more insane since the last time I've talked to you. You realize this cannot go unaccounted for." Nyssa said in an even voice.

"I understand, but it doesn't mean I regret my decision. So its safe

to assume the pit is well and truly gone now." Oliver said as more of a statement but Nyssa confirmed it anyway.

"Yes no more of this insanity. Death shouldn't be tampered with it ruins the balance of order. We were lucky with Sara's revival. Can you say the same for Laurels?" Oliver paused shocked that Nyssa knew exactly who he brought back.

"There has been some difficulties," Nyssa scoffed "she will be fine, in time she will recover."

Nyssa quickly spoke "Just hope that she stays ok, no instances are the same as another. And Oliver just know our alliance is well and truly over." The phone went dead.

In theory that could have went worse. Maybe the teacher had a soft spot for the student or was it sister in law?

* * *

><p>Oliver checked Laurel almost every 15 minutes after that phone call. Training, while he waited for the next time to check her. Still wondering while he strikes his post why his arm hurt like it was sliced but looked fine. Stopping instantly when he heard the elevator opening. Approaching the door he saw very man he had been waiting for in his signature trench coat.<p>

"I can't tell you how happy I am-" Oliver started to say cutting off when John gave him a good right cross. Straightening up Oliver looked at him only to see him wined up again and punch him another time.

"you said a punch not two." Oliver said rubbing his jaw.

"Next time don't hang up you arse." John replied "now let's get this over with shall we"

They both walked over to Laurels body on the table. John began rolling his sleeves up.

"Now explain to me what exactly did you try to do?" John questioned.

"The same thing as Sara. The exact same ritual." John shook his head to Olivers reply.

"You do realize every circumstance is different from each other which means different outcomes. Did you manage to hit your head and forget everything? No don't answer that. Now let's see here." John stepped towards Laurel, placing one hand on her forehead and another right over her sternum. Closing his eyes he began to mumble his hands getting a blue glow to them.

"Aw there's the problem." John opened his eyes, looking to Oliver. "Well mate your problem is there really isn't a soul to restore. It's turned to mush."

"John you proven anything is possible, there must be something." Oliver replied

"Ah, you see you didn't let me finish. There still is a way to restore her soul, many actually bit unless you have a soul gem it's going to cost you a great deal." John went on to say.

"Well." Oliver said growing impatient.

"Although souls can become brittle in a sense they also wield great power. I can tap into your soul. Trust me it won't feel good. More like a hot iron to the heart but it can save her."

"Great let's do it." Oliver said getting closer to John.

"Would you let me finish. You Americans so impatient. The fine lines to the contract. Everything you've ever done up to this point, your memories and past actions will become knowledge to her. Your not only giving her part of your soul but also taking part of hers. There will be no secrets between you up to this point." John said a little faster so Oliver didn't speak.

"and after this point will we have a . . . what twin connection?" Oliver asked scrunching his face in confusion.

"No mate just up to the point when we make the switch." John answered. "This means since you were a boy to now."

Oliver thought for a moment. "ok I'm ready let's do it."

John nodded pulling Oliver close to him, he placed his hand on Oliver's chest over his heart. John started to chant, first barely a mumble but growing with each syllable. Oliver closed his eyes, his whole body tensing from the pain. Trying to not scream out he grunted only to throw his head back and yell, his insides on fire. The lights started to flicker as John kept going, slowly pulling his hand away. Slowly he moved it towards Laurels chest a glow at the tips of his fingers. Oliver seemed frozen in pain when suddenly Laurels screams filled the air. John, with his hand on Laurel kept going when her voice changed from a scream to a cry. The lights over head busting in there domes. John never ceased his chant but looked down to her in surprise. Taking his hand off Laurel he moved to Oliver placing his hand on his chest once more. The pain becoming intense again Oliver screamed out again, slowly the searing pain died to a low burn. John lowered his voice once more to a whisper releasing his hold on Oliver's chest. Oliver instantly collapsed to the ground, heaving as he sat there catching his breath. His mind in a jumbled mess.

John checked on Laurel as Oliver sat down. He saw her breath regulate with what little light was left in the room. He then crouched down by Oliver moving his head up to look at him. Seeing responsiveness he asked.

"Well mate how do you feel?" Oliver blew out what sounded like a laugh.

"Besides like crap I'm fine." John nodded

"Yeah that's expected after something like that, listen if I am corrected your mind is a mess right now. You need to rest and let it sort itself out with your new memories. Laurel seems to have taken the treatment well. Her new power though needs work otherwise you will need a bunch of bulbs for this place. Good luck and you owe me

let's hope I don't need help in hell, literally." John got up and walked away. Oliver stood up to thank him only to see him gone already. Strange the elevator wasn't that fast.

"Ollie? What's, *cough* what's going on?" Laurels eyes cracked open as she whispered.

"Shhh, it alright you need to rest ok, its going to be alright." Oliver said placing a hand on her head, comforting her. She looked at him as if to argue but took his advice and drifted again.

* * *

><p>Across Town</p>

A lady in leather clothing watched the streets from the 3rd floor fire escape. Her eyes covered with a cloth mask. Hearing a scream to her left she jumped down and ran towards that direction she came upon a man overpowering a woman.

"Scream again, bitch and I'll cut your ear off." She heard him growl. Grabbing him she shoved him off the poor woman. She then hit him in the face with a crowbar, he crumbled to the ground. Turning to the lady who was attacked she began to say.

"it's ok sweetie he won't hurt you anymore."

Standing up the lady thanked her and ran away. Sighing to herself in content she tied the man up and left a message for someone to bring him to the police for his crimes.

Walking down another alley she came upon a masked figure.

"Slap." The man said as he slapped her.

She began to throw punches trying to hit him. Grabbing her arm he stooped her ministrations easily.

"Who-who are you?" She question. Seeing his smile glisten from the minimal light in the alley

"My name is Onomonapia."

Whew hope you like the chapter I felt bad leaving the other so short. I'm excited for the flash to be back with earth 2 Laurel. Also isn't Oliver dead on earth 2? Wonder if they will mention that at all.

End
file.